

HAD SPORT IN PLENTY

Knights of Columbus Enjoyed The Day at Pinkham's Grove

LONG LIST OF ATHLETIC EVENTS AND MANY OTHER AMUSEMENTS

Portsmouth Team Easily Defeated Dover In The Baseball Game By Score of Eleven To Four

PORTSMOUTH BREWING COMPANY TEAM TOOK TUG-OF-WAR MATCH FROM TEAM OF FRANK JONES BREWING COMPANY

Portsmouth Council, Knights of Columbus, held its first annual picnic at Pinkham's Grove, Dover Point, on Saturday and notwithstanding the fact that it was postponed from July 4, a good-sized crowd attended, including many from Dover, Somersworth and Exeter.

The day was all that could be desired and every effort was made by the organization to pleasantly entertain its guests.

The features of the outing, no doubt, were the athletic sports and great interest was shown by all who participated in the different contests.

The first on the list was the baseball game between a team of Portsmouth knights and one representing Dover Council.

The Ball Game

The Portsmouth boys did not get warmed up until the second or third inning and then they began to show the team from the Cochecho city how to play ball. Dorsey and Quinn for the home team made a good battery and fooled the Dover men as they wished. The Portsmouth knights no doubt have the crack team among the councils of the state. The score:

PORTSMOUTH									
	A	B	R	H	P	O	A	E	
Barrett, If	4	1	0	1	0	0			
Mates, cf	4	1	0	1	0	0			
Sullivan, ss	2	1	1	0	2	0			
Foley, ss	0	0	0	0	0	1			
Molloy, 1b	4	0	0	12	0	0			
Lyons, 3b	5	3	4	1	0	0			
Dorsey, p	5	1	1	1	5	0			
Miskell, 2b	4	2	1	2	1	0			
McMullen, rf	3	2	2	3	1	0			
Quinn, c	4	0	0	3	4	0			
36 11 10 *23 11 1									

DOVER

	A	B	R	H	P	O	A	E	
Davy, 1b	3	2	2	9	0	0			
Hickey, 2b	2	1	0	2	1	1			
Bouscaw, 3b	4	0	0	0	3	0			
Murphy, cf	4	0	0	0	0	1			
McNally, c	0	1	0	8	3	2			
Loughlin, p	3	0	1	0	3	2			
Cronin, If	3	0	1	0	0	0			
Breen, If	1	0	0	0	0	0			
Connors, ss	4	0	0	0	0	1			
24 4 4 *19 10 7									

*Dorsey, Quinn and Hickey out, hit by batted balls.

Innings

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Portsmouth	0	1	2	0	5	2	1	11
Dover	0	0	0	1	0	0	3	4

Two base hit—Dorsey. Stolen bases—McMullen 2, Davy 2, Barrett, Mates, Sullivan, Foley, Lyons, Miskell, Hickey, McNally, Breen, Connors. First base on balls—Loughlin 8, Dorsey 7. Struck out—Loughlin 6, Dorsey 3. Hit by pitched ball—Quinn. Passed balls—McNally 3. Wild pitches—Dorsey, Loughlin. Umpires—Morrissey and Duffy.

The Tug of War

The tug-of-war, best two out of three, two minute pulls, between teams representing the Frank Jones Brewing Company and the Portsmouth Brewing Company was an exciting contest. There was great interest, owing to the rivalry in this line of sport and the match caused no small amount of fun until the Portsmouth Brewing Company's men won out.

In justice to the team from the Frank Jones company it can be said that the team was picked up for the occasion and except Morris Leary no man on the team had been on the boards before in a prize contest.

It looked at the start as if the Jones men would win the first pull, but the boys from the river front were not there to lose and in the last few seconds pulled enough over to their side to make them half an inch to the good.

After a rest of a few minutes, the teams went down for the second pull. Both sides worked hard, but it ended as did the first pull in favor of the Portsmouth Brewing Company's representatives. They had the Jones men by half an inch when the two minutes were up.

The contest between the two teams led to the announcement that the manager of the Jones team was anxious to keep the sport going and that his team would challenge any team in the city for \$50, to pull within the next thirty days. Here's a chance for some fun outside the brewery workmen, if any team wants to pick up the challenge. The teams on Saturday were as follows:

Frank Jones Brewing Company—Theodore Eck, anchor; William Trueman, Jerry Reagan, Morris Leary.

Portsmouth Brewing Company—James Conghlin, anchor; Michael Ahearn, Bartholomew Connors, Dennis Monahan.

The Other Sports

The other contests were lively and created no small amount of fun.

Michael Barrett was a winner in all the events he entered, but had hard work in beating out Thomas Loughlin of Dover Point, who was a close second every time.

In the running broad jump, there were six men and the contest was a hot one. It was fought out by M. Barrett, T. Loughlin, A. McMullen, D. Monahan, P. Leary and B. Connors. Barrett won out with a jump of seventeen feet, four inches, followed by Loughlin, who made seventeen feet, two inches.

The prize for the hundred yard dash was handed to Barrett, who beat out Loughlin and A. McMullen.

In the three-legged race, Barrett and Loughlin left Whitman and Flynn anchored and won in a walk.

Only two men entered the standing high jump and the prize went to Henry Flynn, who won over Thomas Loughlin.

In the hop, step and jump the guests saw a close race, with D. Monahan, T. Loughlin, B. Connors

PORT OF PORTSMOUTH

Arrivals At and Departures From Our Harbor July 7 and 8

Arrived Saturday

United States tug Nezinecot, Olsen, Thatcher's Island, Mass.

Auxiliary brigantine yacht Mohican, Messrs. Oliver and J. Borden Harriman owners, Newport for Bar Harbor.

Arrived Sunday

United States fish commission schooner Grampus, Hansen, Boothbay Harbor.

Schooner C. W. Dexter, Farrabee, Calais for New York, with laths.

Schooner Alice S. Wentworth, Wilson, Wells, Me., for Boston, with slabwood.

Tug Cuba, Bartlett, Boston.

Tug M. Mitchell Davis, Hoyt, North Boothbay.

Cleared Saturday

Schooner Child Harold, Sweeney, Windsor, N. S., to load rock plaster for Chester, Pa.

Schooner Perry Setzer, Blake, North Boothbay, to load ice for Philadelphia.

Schooner Sadie A. Kimball, Burns, Boston, with brick.

Sailed Saturday

Tug M. Mitchell Davis, towing schooner Perry Setzer, North Boothbay and Philadelphia.

Sailed Sunday

Tug Cuba, towing barge Darby, Newport News.

Steam yacht Mohican.

Wind Saturday, south, moderate.

Wind Sunday, southerly, thick fog.

Telegraphic Shipping Notes

City Island, N. Y., July 7—Passed, schooner George A. Lawry, McIntyre, Elizabethport for Kennebunkport.

Vineyard Haven, July 7—Arrived, schooner Lizzie J. Call, Garland, Port Reading for Exeter.

DEATH OF SISTER URSULA

Was Directress of Sacred Heart Hospital, Manchester

Sister Mary Ursula, directress since its foundation of Sacred Heart Hospital, Manchester, died on Saturday at the age of forty-three. The cause of death was gastritis.

In youth, Sister Ursula was known as Miss Mary Collins and her mother and the mother of the late Bishop Dennis M. Bradley were cousins. She became a member of the Order of Sisters of Mercy about twenty-two years ago.

She was loved wherever her gentle presence was known and her death will be deeply mourned in this and other cities by people of every faith.

Two brothers, Timothy Collins of Manchester and R. A. Collins of Springfield, Mass., are the surviving members of the family.

THE WALLIS FAMILY

Rye Resident Gives Some Information About It

To the Editor of The Herald:—"L. W. B." is informed that Wallis Sands derive their name from Wallis family, which was among the early settlers in Rye.

Ralph Wallis came to Portsmouth from England in 1635, bringing his son Ralph with him. He married in 1636 and lived at Sandy Beach. The family owned the land which is now the Parsons estate, also the farm now occupied by S. W. Odiorne, and perhaps more.

The last of the family, Lieut. Samuel Wallis, died in 1832, aged eighty-five.

The family was prominent in town affairs in its day, but all of the name have passed away.

*** RESIDENT.**

THE WEATHER FOR TOMORROW

(Special to The Herald)

Washington, July 9—The weather on Tuesday will probably be fair, with light to fresh south to southwest winds.

KITTERY LETTER

Newsy Items From Across The River

MANY CRAFT ANCHORED IN THE HARBOR

Towboat Whistles Annoy People of The Town at Night

GOSSIP OF A DAY COLLECTED BY OUR CORRESPONDENT

Kittery, July 9.

In spite of the fog, a large number of boats were out on Sunday, the day being good for both sail and gasoline boats. The harbor was fairly well filled by night, as a small fleet of yachts and coasters put in an appearance.

Among the yachts in port were the big English built auxiliary brigantine Mohican, owned by Oliver and J. Borden Harriman of New York; the sloop Wasaka, owned by Ashley Adams of Marblehead; the yawl Mary G., owned by Alfred V. deForest of New York, who is on his way to the Summer home of his father, Lockwood deForest, at York Harbor, and half a dozen others.

The United States fish commission schooner Grampus, Capt. G. P. O. Hansen, called for lobster fry. Mrs. Hansen and his little daughter Greta are aboard, and were visiting ashore during the afternoon.

People of this town, especially those of Kittery Point, have had their sleep much disturbed for the past week by the whistles of seagoing towboats, which arrive with their tows during the night.

It has been a little worse than usual of late, because of the flood of barges which is arriving, while generally the sailing vessels predominate in number. The tug captains seem to delight in raising the echoes at midnight and it really seems as if they are more noisy than by day.

A certain amount of signalling at night is necessary, but some law should be enacted to abate some of it. Some captains get along with a very small amount of it, as it is.

The sunken stage at the Atlantic Shore line Kittery landing was raised on Saturday with the aid of two pontoons from the construction and repair department at the navy yard and beached on Badger's Island, where it will be repaired.

Four contractors made a trip to Wood Island from Portsmouth on Saturday in connection with the establishment of the new life saving station there. It is expected that work will begin immediately.

Miss Isabel, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Googins, is confined to her home by measles.

A regular meeting of Odd Fellows will be held this evening at Odd Fellows' Hall.

A regular meeting of Piscataqua Chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, will be held on Wednesday evening at Odd Fellows' Hall.

Philip D. Loughton of Portsmouth visited friends in town on Saturday.

Constitution Lodge, Knights of Pythias, will hold a regular meeting at Odd Fellows' Hall on Tuesday evening.

A regular meeting of Red Men will be held at Grange Hall on Tuesday evening.

Work is progressing rapidly on the new park at the junction of the Berwick and Dover branches of the Atlantic Shore line. St. Aspinquid Park at York Beach promises to be rivalled.

Mrs. Annie C. Marshall, who has been visiting Frank Trefethen of Locke's Cove, has returned to her home in Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie F. Bickford passed Sunday with relatives at York Harbor.

Melvin McIntyre of York Harbor was visiting in town on Sunday.

Workmen are walling up the land

THE UNITARIANS

Hold Summer Meeting at Isles of Shoals

TENTH ANNUAL SESSION NOW BEING HELD

Religious Services In Old Stone Chapel Built In 1800

HON. CARROLL D. WRIGHT AMONG SPEAKERS OF THE WEEK

The tenth annual Unitarian Summer meeting is now being held at the Isles of Shoals. It began on Sunday, with services both in the afternoon and evening in the old stone chapel on Star Island, erected in 1800. At the morning service Rev. Adelbert L. Hudson of Newton, Mass., delivered a thoughtful sermon and in the evening Rev. Frank

S. C. Wicks of Indianapolis, Ind., was the speaker.

Today (Monday), Rev. W. W. Peck of Needham, Mass., conducted the morning service and there was a lecture at ten o'clock by Rev. Mr. Hudson on "Sources of the Impulse toward Social Regeneration." An interesting discussion followed.

At eight o'clock this (Monday) evening, Staunton King of Charleston, S. C., will speak on "Work Among the Sailors." Evening prayer will follow.

The meetings will continue throughout the week. Tomorrow (Tuesday) Hon. Carroll D. Wright, president of Clark University, Worcester, Mass., will deliver a lecture on "The Public Conscience." Thomas H. Elliott of Lowell, Mass., and Rev. George H. Badger of New York will give anniversary addresses and Rev. William R. Cole of Cohasset, Mass., will conduct morning worship. Mr. Elliott is president and Mr. Badger vice-president of the association.

The full program for the remaining days of the week has already been published in these columns.

The headquarters of the Unitarians are at Hotel Oceanic, but some meetings will be held at The Apple-dore.

Mrs. Nelson Freeman is again directress of music. She has under her charge a quartet composed of Miss Laura F. Eaton, soprano; Miss Bessie K. Bemis, contralto; Arthur F. Tucker, tenor; and Harry Parmelee, bass.

(Continued on fifth page)

GOOD THINGS FOR YOUR MONEY

This is not something new. It has been going on for years and never was our effort any greater, or with better results to our customers, than our present July business affords you.

Geo. B. French Co

Our Drapery Department

Crowding the Annex with its abundant assortment of DRAPERY GOODS of merit, contributes much in the requisites for Ornamental Draperies at little cost.

PRINTED MADRAS is a late arrival and so closely resembles the expensive woven goods that one must be expert in noting the difference. Beautiful patterns and colorings in this new material. Our price for it only.....**25c**

VERSAILLES CRETONNE, a printed novelty in the line of Drapery Goods, very select patterns.....**19c**

BONA FIDE ENGLISH CRETONNES, the colors and patterns of the highest excellence. These cost, per yard.....**42c**

COUCH COVERS, large size and heavily fringed, the patterns copied from rare Oriental designs. Strikingly beautiful and very desirable. Notice these at.....**\$6.00**

Choice Perfume Extracts

By measure, such as these from the most celebrated perfumers—Heliotrope Blanc, made by Roger and Gallet, and Violette de Parme from the same perfumers; Le Trefle Incarnat de L. T. Piver, very choice and of world wide reputation as among the best.

WHITE ROSE AND VIOLETTA, your choice of these, per ounce.....**45c**

Summer Excellencies of Fashion.

CHIFFON VEILINGS, all the light shades of Blue, Lavender and Gray.....**50c**

READY MADE AUTO VEILS 3 yards long, light colors, and an automobile outfit not entire without them. Price.....**\$1.25**

NECK RUFFS in Plaited Maline, White, Gray and Black.....**\$2.50**

MULL TIES, Embroidered or Hemstitched Ends, only.....**25c**

WINDSOR TIES in Silk with Plaids or Polka Dots.....**25c**

And a Profusion of Laces, Ribbons, Hosiery and Gloves.

NICKNAMES OF POLITICIANS.

Titles by Which Well Known Men Were Spoken Of.

Until recently the newspapers referred to Jeff Davis of Arkansas, Bob Taylor of Tennessee and Tom Watson of Georgia. Ceremony was dispensed with. The public insisted on familiarity with the men of whom it heard so much. Suddenly the note is changed. As the result of two Senatorial primaries the reference now is to Hon. Jefferson Davis and Hon. Robert L. Taylor, while several successful books have produced for the types Hon. Thomas E. Watson. Whether we shall all love them more at a little distance and with our hats respectfully raised is a question.

To the very last the public held on to Jim Blaine and to Ben Harrison. Tammany always spoke of Sammy Tilden, though not with affection. It hated him pretty cordially. Nobody ever spoke of Bill or Billy McKinley, and nobody speaks of Bill or Billy Bryan. Neither Mr. Cleveland's nor Judge Parker's given name lends itself to an affectionate diminutive, and neither man is of a chummy disposition.

This disposition of the public runs eccentrically. Gen. Harrison was not a chummy man, and yet people in speaking of him called him Ben. Mr. Randall was a very firm and unyielding man and had few intimates, and yet the public insisted on Sam. When people spoke of Dan Voorhees everybody could understand, because the Tall Sycamore of the Wabash had an address which was the very essence of heartiness and joviality. But a nature of the same quality never in the case of Judge Crisp diminished in the press the formal Charles to Charley, nor in that of Mr. McKinley the formal William to Bill or Billy.

Origin of the Crescent Bread.

The origin of that Viennese bread shaped like a crescent, which is found in most places on the continent, dates back to 1863. At that time the Austrian Capital was being besieged by the Turks under the terrible Grand Vizier Kara Mustapha, and as they failed to take the city by assault, they decided to dig a passage under the walls, and so penetrate into the town. In the day-time the noise of the siege made the sound of the tunnelling inaudible, and at night-time the defenders of the place were asleep, all but the sentries and the bakers. It was the bakers, who, as they baked the bread for the garrison, heard the pickaxes of the miners coming nearer and nearer, and gave the alarm. In the fighting the Bakers' Association took their share with the utmost bravery, and as reward for their services the Emperor gave them permission to make a special cake shaped like the Turkish crescent.—London Sketch.

A Book for the Married.

When the civil ceremony of marriage is performed in France the official who conducts it passes to the newly wedded pair a little book, which is the wedding gift of the French Government. This book contains an official record of the wedding and a number of blank spaces for future births, marriages and deaths in the family.

The most important feature of the small volume, however, is contained in about six pages that are devoted to the special instructions which the Academy of Medicine has prepared on the care of young children. These instructions number 35 in all, and they refer to the feeding and clothing of infants and to the further protection of the helpless child.

The curious little wedding gift was inspired by the deep thought which the Government has given to the subject of the reduction of infant mortality, a problem of the utmost importance in view of the backward movement in population in France.—Boston Globe.

Modern Love Making.

"The manoeuvring mamma," is practically extinct. The modern daughter has an almost free hand in managing her love transactions. The mere love marriage, which was so disturbing a thought to the mother of even twenty years ago, is seldom heard of in Mayfair in these altered circumstances.

The new love-making is a subject which cannot be dealt with except with the utmost discretion, for it might grieve some to have it hinted that the modern daughter is a better woman of business in such a situation than was even the "manoeuvring mamma."

Discovery of Tin.

There is a legend among the Cornish miners that St. Piran, an Irish hermit, was the discoverer of tin. His ancient church in the parish of Perranzabuloe, in Cornwall, laid bare of sand by the sea many years ago, has recently been repaired. Cornish miners still keep the feast of St. Piran, forgetting that their forefathers had long previously sold it to the Phenicians. Possibly the legend points to the fact that this Irishman was a skilful metallurgist.

Novelty in Dress Balls.

A somewhat curious ball marks the outset of the Paris season. This is known as the "Bal de la Couturiere." Tickets are taken by all the women who go to the Rue de la Paix for their dresses, for at this ball the big dressmakers vie with each other in exhibiting all the novelties in the shape of ballroom dresses. The dresses are worn "mannequins"—girls with shapely figures and handsome faces who do the dancing while their lady customers come to look on.—London World.

INK WITH GOLD AND PERFUME.

Made in China and Used by the Royal Scribes.

"This India ink," said the clever Chinese art student, "has no more right to be called Indian than your American redskins have to that name. For India ink all comes from China, and India never produced a stick of it."

"Anhui, my own province, is the one where India ink is made. The best of the ink is kept at home, for the use of the royal scribes and the official literati. It is only the lower grade that is exported. This lower grade sells at wholesale in Anhui for \$1,500 a ton."

"The very best grade India ink, the kind rich with gold, is worth \$75,000 a ton."

"The constituents of India ink are colza oil, pork fat, lampblack, glue, musk, gold leaf and the oil of a poisonous tree, the heng, which grows only in the Yangtse valley."

"After the admixture of the oils, the lampblack, the fat and the glue, the resultant paste is beaten for many hours with steel hammers upon wooden anvils, and during that long beating certain quantities of musk and of gold leaf are added, the musk to give the ink a perfume, the gold to give it luster."

"Afterward the ink is dried for three weeks in moulds. The stocks are then decorated, the most artistic scribes gliding them with very beautiful Chinese characters."

"There is no ink worthy to be mentioned in the same breath with ours—an ink redolent of musk and bright with gold."

"Deadhead" Originated in Delaware.

The term "deadheads" is in various connections very much to the fore at the present time. How did it arise? Its origin is purely transatlantic.

Sixty years ago all the principal avenues of the city of Delaware led in one direction, to a tollgate close to the Elmwood Cemetery road. This cemetery having been laid out long before the construction of the plank road beyond the tollgate, funeral processions were allowed to pass along it toll free. One day as Dr. Price, a well known physician, stopped to pay his toll, he observed to the gatekeeper:

"Considering the benevolent character of the profession to which I have the honor to belong, you ought to let me pass toll free."

"No, no, doctor," the man replied, "we can't afford that. You send too many deadheads through here as it is."

This story soon travelled far and wide until the term came to be applied to any one who claims the privilege of travelling on a railway system or passing into a place of amusement free of cost.

Indian Proverbs.

The coward shoots with shut eyes. No Indian ever sold his daughter for a name.

Before the paleface came here there was no poison in the Indian's corn.

Small things talk loud to the Indian's eye.

When a fox walks lame old rabbit jumps.

The paleface's arm is longer than his word.

A squaw's tongue runs faster than the wind's legs.

There is nothing so eloquent as a rattlesnake's tail.

The Indian scalps his enemy, the paleface skins his friends.

There will be hungry palefaces so long as there is any Indian land to swallow.

When a man prays one day and steals six, the Great Spirit thunders and the evil one laughs.

There are three things it takes a strong man to hold—a young warrior, a wild horse and a handsome squaw.

Birth Rate of the Talented.

Michael finds a steady fall in the birth rate of men of talent from New England westward. In New England out of every 100,000 births 54 are those of men of talent; in New York that number falls to 34, in Ohio to 19, in Indiana to 11, in Illinois to 10, in Missouri to 6, in Kansas to 2 in Colorado to 1.

This was learned by comparing the States by the number of persons whose names appear in a directory of those prominent in public life, the arts and sciences and literary pursuits with the total number of persons born. The objection, of course, to these statistics is that a great many of these men—as, for instance, in New York city—are not natives, and after they have become famous and prosperous have broadened their field of work by moving to a larger center of activity, where opportunities are greater.

Contents of the Stomach.

A man who earned his living by swallowing coins and other articles had to be operated on at the London Hospital the other day, and the surgeons found in him 25 pieces of cork, 20 pieces of tinfoil, a leaden bullet, a piece of string 18 inches long, 18 cents in small change, a piece of leather 9 inches long with a hook at each end, several pieces of clay pipe-stem and a portion of a newspaper.

Selecting a Jury.

A Connecticut lawyer is especially insistent that a jury shall consist of peers of his client. The latter, charged with murder, was a swart Italian. Six red headed telesemen accepted by the State were excused by the defense. The lawyer thought men of darker complexion would give his dark client a fairer trial.

PRESERVING DYING DIALECTS.

Use to Which Phonograph Is Being Put in the British Isles.

Although nothing can be done to prevent the decay of local dialects, much can be done to preserve their records. The phonograph is being applied for this purpose both in Guernsey and in the Isle of Man. The dialect language in the former is Norman-French in the latter Manx, one of the Gaelic group.

It is believed that in the Isle of Man with the passing away of the present generation, no one will be found to speak the dialect. The phonograph is being sent to different parts of the island by the Manx Language Society; old men whose accent is pure will speak into the receiver, and the records are to be stored at Douglas.

Mr. E. D. Marquand says that the old Norman language still spoken in the Channel Islands is in its main features the same as that used by the cultured classes of England eight centuries ago; the tongue in which Taillefer sang the "Chanson de Roland" at the battle of Hastings.

"In Alderney," he says, "it will certainly have become extinct in a very few years. In Guernsey it will probably linger on for a generation or two. In Jersey Norman French will survive longest, owing partly to the larger size of the island, partly to the proximity to France, and partly also to the influx of French agricultural laborers, who spend some months each year during the farmers' busy season."

Curfew in a Big Dry Goods Store.

The department store curfew bell or bugle is seldom heard except by the employees of the large establishments, however, is not as in its original definition of the word, a "cover fire," but a cover dry goods signal. The covering process is in the hands of an army of salespeople and cashboys, as well drilled in the quick martial covering process as are the soldiers at an army in obeying the order to "right about face."

If one can sequester himself in some corner of a store at closing up time he will find the sight worth while. Waiting for this last signal, hundreds of employees stand with fingers just touching each end of long, green cloths. At the stroke of 6 through the long aisles of the store a clear whistle is heard. Instantly the curfew army is in readiness. Another note from the signal instrument and the long tables and counters are covered quickly with busy hands.

A third note and the ends of the long covers are made taut and taut, with no places hanging and no dust entering places left uncovered. It has taken but a couple of seconds, then still another signal and, the last portion of the day's work is over, the curfew battalion moves toward home.

Virtues of "Sold" Sign.

"Get this parlor suit out at once, John," said the manager.

"Oh, let's just put a 'Sold' tag on it till to-morrow," grumbled Salesman John. "The men are fearful busy."

"John," said the manager, "you know very little about human nature if you're willing to leave a suit of furniture marked 'Sold' in sight of the public. If we left the suit here everybody that came in would be attracted by the 'Sold' sign on it and would want to buy it or its duplicate. The suit can't be duplicated, as you know, and so the people would be dissatisfied. This suit, because they couldn't have it, would seem to them the only desirable one in our stock. They would take no other. We should probably lose half a dozen sales."

"Why, John, there are some dishonest dealers who put 'Sold' signs on goods that are a drug, so as to dispose of those goods quickly, and it is a fact not creditable to human nature that fake 'Sold's' will move a slow stock more quickly even than fake reductions."

Census Taking in British Empire.

To take the census of the British Empire is a matter of difficulty in certain districts. A native official was ordered to take a census of what was known to be a populous village in Uganda. He returned with the report that there was no population, the explanation being that the inhabitants had fled on hearing of his approach. More precise instructions were given to him and he paid another visit to the village. The result of his inquiry was given thus in the tabulated form: Number of huts, 257; inhabitants, men over 18 years of age, 0; women over 18 years of age, 0; women, 0; children, 0; total, 0.

No Bank Failures in China.

"It is 900 years since the failure of a bank in China," said a bank examiner.

"Over 900 years ago, in the reign of Hi Hung, a bank failed. Hi Hung had the failure investigated, and to his indignation found it had been due to reckless and shady conduct on the part of the director and the president."

Hi Hung at once issued an edict that the next time a bank failed the heads of its president and directors were to be cut off. This edict, which has never been revoked, has made China's banking institutions the safest in the world."

Capacity of the Marabout.

The adjutant, or marabout, a tall bird of India, of the stork species, will swallow a hare or a cat whole. It stands five feet high and the expanse of wings is nearly 15 feet.

MAKING MORE ALUMINUM.

United States Leads With Three Out of Nine Works.

It was the United States that began the manufacture of aluminum by the electrolytic method. That was in 1888. In 1889 almost the same process was in use in Switzerland, having been worked out independently.

Since the latter year, says Cassier's Magazine, the production of aluminum has increased enormously, and at the present time the annual output of the metal is estimated to be 8,000 tons, as compared with 5 tons in 1889. In England the price has fallen in the same period from 10s. 3d. per pound. If a cheaper raw material than refined alumina could be used in the process a still further reduction in price would be possible.

Nine works are now using this method, three in the United States, two in France, one each in Great Britain, Germany, Switzerland and Austria. The demand for the metal is growing in connection with motor car and railway carriage work, the latest example of this use of the light metal being for the inside of the cars for one of the London underground tube lines.

Very large amounts of the cheaper brands of aluminum are now being employed in the casting of iron and steel. The Goldschmidt thermite process for welding tramway rails and for repairs of castings, etc., is a new use, responsible for the annual consumption of many tons of aluminum in the form of powder.

Where the Turtle Is at Home.

Few of those who revel in turtle soup at a Guildhall luncheon or dinner have visited the desolate, uninhabited island of Ascension, where the turtle is hatched and reared, where he is carefully tended by experts and finally by slow stages attains the maturity at which the Guildhall cook can step in and claim him for his own.

In that land of perpetual sun, where roads are not and ruts ploughed afresh in the shifting sand serve their purpose, the turtle is a powerful asset. In dark, cool sheds he large masses of eggs, looking for all the world like golf balls. The baby turtles of a fortnight old and upward are next inspected, ugly, slimy little creatures, black and white, with protruding eyes and already enormously strong fins which they use to the utmost when hauled. Lastly come the great ponds without covering, where they bask and dream their way to maturity.

A turtle of ten birthdays is considered very young indeed. Many veterans head the list with fifty or sixty years to their credit.

How Bees Embalm.

Bees can embalm as well as any undertaker. All intruders on their hives are slain and embalmed carefully.

If a worm, or a roach, or any insect blunders into a hive the bees fall upon him and slay him with their stings. To get the corpse out would be a difficulty; therefore, embalming it, they let it remain.

The embalming process of the bees is simple. It consists in covering the corpse with a hermetic coat of pure wax. Within this airtight envelope the body remains fresh. It cannot in any way contaminate the hive.

When a small blunderer in among the bees they cannot kill him on account of the protection of the shell. So they embalm him alive. They cover him, shell and all, with snowy wax. He is a prisoner whom only death releases.

Inebriety and the Eating of Fruits.

There is but one sure cure for the drinking disease or habit, and that is the simplest of all. The cure consists in eating fruits. That will cure the worst case of inebriety that ever afflicted a person. It will entirely destroy the taste for intoxicants and will make the drunkard return to the thoughts and tastes of his childhood. No person ever saw a man or woman who liked fruit and who had an appetite for drink. No person ever saw a man or woman with an appetite for drink who liked fruit. The two tastes are at deadly enmity with each other and there is no room for both of them in the same human constitution. One will surely destroy the other.

Tuning a Piano by Telephone.

The novel feat of tuning a piano by the use of the telephone was accomplished by M. J. Archer, a piano tuner of Wabash, Ind. Some time ago Mr. Archer sold a piano to Thomas Pilkington at South Bend. Miss Pilkington called Mr. Archer up and advised him the piano needed a tuning.

She was asked to sound the instrument, which was near the telephone. The tone was transmitted clearly to Wabash, and directions were given which enabled her to change the tension. The directions were carried out and the instrument sounded until it was perfectly tuned and the tones all normal.

Uses of Gentian Root.

Gentian root, often used as a tonic is considered in many malarial countries a remedy against intermittent fever. Especially is this the case in Corsica in that section of the island near the town of Aleria, which is infested with malaria. The inhabitants recently protested violently against the introduction of quinine on the part of the medical authorities, declaring that they would not abandon the remedy which had been used among them for centuries, the gentian root, either powdered or simply masticated.

WHERE LIGHTNING STRIKES.

At Junction and on Sharp Curves of Trolley Lines.

H. H. Adams, a Baltimore street railway man, has a clever method of finding out where lightning is likely to strike one of his cars.

According to the Street Railway Journal he keeps in his office a large scale map of the system, and whenever a car crew reports that a car has been damaged by lightning, he sticks a pin in the map at the point where the car was at the time.

It is astonishing how quickly a record of this kind will show up the locations that seem to be especially susceptible to lightning discharges. In the course of the season a few points will have a miniature forest of pins grouped around them, while long stretches of track will show no pins at all.

When a particular location begins to accumulate a collection of these telltale pins, a lightning arrester can be installed at this point and the trouble at once eliminated or at least materially reduced. From graphic records kept in this way over a period of years it has been determined that the most vulnerable points are at junctions of lines and at sharp bends and curves.

Economy in British Army.

A certain regiment, quartered at a considerable distance from the point from which its stores are sent to it, is obliged, according to its equipment list, to have forty-eight fuses, presumably for the ignition of fuses connected with explosives.

It was found upon an occasion not long ago that the regiment was short of these fuses and this was duly reported to the proper authority. Accordingly two boxes of fuses were despatched, and as they are looked upon as explosives they had, according to regulation, to be packed in a large copper receptacle of considerable weight and forwarded specially to the headquarters of the regiment, where they were duly unpacked, taken in charge, entered on the list as having been received, and the empty canister or box returned to the stores headquarters. The size and weight of the canister are such that it is estimated the cost of its journey to and fro may be anywhere between five and ten shillings; the two boxes of fuses, on the other hand, might have been purchased locally at a penny each.—Saturday Review.

Takes Years for a Snail to Die.

Snails are slow even when it comes to dying. One well known naturalist who had mounted a shell upon a card was surprised to find, four years later, that the warm water employed in soaking the shell off the mount had revived the inmate, which he had long since supposed to be dried and dead. Several specimens in another collection were revived in a similar manner after they had lain in a drawer for some fifteen years. These had not been glued to a card, but had been left lying loose, and though frequently handled had shown no signs of life. They were thrown into tepid water with the idea of cleaning out the shells, but to the surprise of the owner the snails were found creeping about the basin when he returned to complete the task.

Best Way to Drink Milk.

We live by digesting and assimilating food, not merely by eating it. Milk as a food builds up and forms body tissues and fluids and repairs waste. When taken slightly in excess the unused portion, mostly butter fat, is stored in the system for future use. As is well known, fluid milk and vichy is a wholesome drink for many who can not assimilate milk alone. A pinch or two of salt in a glass of milk will produce a similar result. It aids in the easier digestion of the curds as formed in the stomach prior to digestion. It is wise for the possessor of a weak stomach to sip a glass of milk slowly instead of drinking it hurriedly. The larger the quantity of milk taken at one draught the greater the difficulty of its digestion. It may not be generally understood that hot milk taken into the system is almost immediately absorbed. It is stimulating without reaction.—Leslie's Weekly.

City Versus Country Children.

A London scientist says life in a big city makes young children quick, but not intelligent. Indeed, he thinks it often destroys their chances of being clever, for it hastens the development of the brain unnaturally. It makes them superficial, alert, but not observant; excitable, but without one spark of enthusiasm. They are apt to grow base, fickle, discontented; they see more things than the country-bred child, but not such interesting things; they do not properly see anything, for they have neither the time nor the capacity to get at the root of all the bewildering objects that crowd themselves into their little lives.—New York Tribune.

Wild Horses in Nova Scotia.

On Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia, troops of wild horses are to be found. The original stock is believed to have landed from a Spanish wreck early in the sixteenth century. Twenty-five years ago it was estimated that these horses numbered 600, but at present there are scarcely 200. Sable Island is an accumulation of loose sand, forming a pair of ridges, united at the two ends and inclosing a shallow lake. There are tracts of grass in places, as well as pools of fresh water.

Swallows which spend the summer in England winter as far south as Gairre Leone, on the coast of Africa.

ALMOST 6,000 FIRES.

Annual Average for New York City—One-Fifth the Country's Total.

New York averages 8,700 fires a year. Chicago has 4,100.

The average record in this country is three theaters, three public halls, twelve churches, ten schools, two hospitals, two asylums, three colleges, six apartment houses, three department stores, two jails, twenty-six hotels, 140 flats and nearly 1,000 homes, burned up every week in the year.

We indulged in 45,000 fires last year, some of them wiping out many buildings. We are born gamblers, are we Americans, and seem placidly to take our chances on fire, believing, probably, that those chances are somewhat remote.

As a matter of fact, however, the country over, each family has just one chance in sixty of being burned out some time during the year; not a very long shot after all.

Values of Fats and Oils.

There is a remarkable misapprehension, particularly among many persons of the more intelligent class of our people, says The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette, as to the food value of the fats and oils. The muscles or red meat is a valuable source of protein, but the excessive consumption of protein invites various diseases which figure very prominently in the causes of death. The fats and oils increase our resistance against cold and some of the causes of disease. The health of many so-called scrupulous children would be improved by teaching them to eat more fat. Fats in abundance constitute a very essential part of the diet of the tuberculosis patient. A larger proportion of the fatty elements of foods would go a long way adding to the robustness of many persons and saving them from the subsequent development of tuberculosis.

Artistic Treasure Trove.

An amusing story of treasure trove in art is going the rounds of the Paris press. A Mme. Panconnet, who, in earlier life had acted as a model for an eminent impressionist painter, had fallen on evil days, and after seeing all her little resources exhausted and her devices for making ends meet no longer effectual, at last abandoned to her creditors a study once given to her by the artist and cherished to the end.

They thought so little of it that they abandoned it to one of their number for a small sum, and he had no higher opinion of it than to organize a raffle at 5d. a ticket. The winner of so despised his prize that he asked for its value in something else from the owner's shop, and this was given to him.

The story got wind, and an enlightened connoisseur who saw the picture offered £280 for it. And now the man who won it in the raffle wants to sue for the money.

English Divorce Cases.

Petitions for dissolution of marriage decreased from 824 in 1903 to 72 in 1904, but those for judicial separation rose from 90 to 102. Five hundred and eighteen decrees nisi were made absolute in dissolution cases of the 634 that were granted, and in ten where a decree of nullity was sought. In thirty-one cases the King's Proctor intervened and in twenty-four the decree was rescinded, and 7,763 separation orders were made by magistrates, against 7,292 in the preceding year. Of 887 petitions in 267 the parties had been married five years and less than ten years, while in 337 the duration of marriage was between ten and twenty years.—Law Times.

Berlin Bars the Dime Novel.

The American dime novel is too strenuous for Berlin, and the street sale of it has been forbidden by the police. The blood and thunder stories of American origin are held responsible for a deplorable outbreak of juvenile crime, and henceforth some milder intellectual tonic will be given to youths, which will not lead them to holdups on the Unter den Linden. If Hans, however, can not get the fiction staple he wants he is less acute and persistent than the American boy, whose chief delight is to baffle the "cop."—New York Tribune.

Belgium Has No Navy.

Belgium is, despite its forty-two miles of seaboard, one of the few nations of the world without a navy. There are only two other naviless Powers in Europe—landlocked Switzerland and Serbia. Even Bulgaria can boast of a torpedo gunboat and a few small steamers, while Romania is proud in the possession of "twelve small vessels." Holland, Belgium's neighbor, has quite an imposing fleet of eight ironclads and a flotilla of 100 steamers. If Bulgaria has the smallest navy in the world the tiny principality of Monaco has the smallest army—126 men all told.

Jews in Palestine.

Some twenty years ago Palestine meant little to the majority of Jews. Now all is changing. Nearly every year fresh colonies have been established, till now they number more than thirty, and time is adding to their number and extent. One-third of Palestine proper is once again Jewish soil. So anxious are the Jews to again get possession that they endeavor to purchase all that comes into the market.

A sturgeon caught on one occasion in the Volga weighed 1,700 pounds, and was valued altogether at \$400.

EMPEROR'S WONDERFUL CLOCK.

Globe Represents Hemispheres and Equator—Divided Into 44 Hours.

A globe clock, described in the Deutsche Uhrmacher Zeitung, is very interesting from the point of view of its mechanism, and is at the same time an historic souvenir, since it bears on its base the inscription: "Gift of His Majesty Emperor William 1st to his Adjutant General N. N."

The clock complete on its base measures 18 cm. (about 7 inches) in height, and its sphere has a diameter of about 12 cm. (4 3/4 inches). This sphere is made of copper, and the oceans and continents are laid on the surface of that metal in enamel. The globe is made in two parts, the northern hemisphere and the southern hemisphere, united by a large circular band, which is the equator, and is divided in a way to represent the twenty-four hours.

The globe is in equilibrium in a Cardanic suspension. The foot carries a semi-circle, between the ex-



travertine of which a full circle pivots horizontally. This latter receives perpendicularly to its axis of rotation the axis N. S. of the globe, which axis passes through the poles of the globe. This manner of suspension allows the earth to take any angle of inclination, and to turn freely in no matter what position. In order to give the globe a position corresponding to the inclination of the axis of the earth, a weight has been attached to the inside, and its movement up and down permits an exact adjustment of this inclination. When this adjustment is once accomplished the globe turns, preserving its proper inclination, and resuming it if thrown out of it.

The movement of the clock has a cylinder escapement and runs eight days. The winding is managed at the lower part—that is, at the south pole. In two holes made in that part the two times of a special key are inserted and the globe is then turned like the knob of a stem wind. The barrel is in the center of the globe, and it turns once every twenty-four hours. It drives a pipe whose extremity projects through the north pole of the sphere and carries a hand ornamented with a sun. It is at the lower end of this tube that the weight of which we have spoken is attached which gives the desired inclination to the globe.

This weight is designed to keep the hand constantly in the same place, and to compel the sphere, which is free, to turn in its stead, in the opposite direction. The tube to which the hand and the weight are fastened is provided with an oil bearing so the clock easily gives the correct time. The circle marked with the hours is turned in such a way that the figure 12—that is noon—is always on the meridian of the place where the clock is; in this way, the hand remaining fixed, the time is indicated by the figures which slowly revolve one after the other.

Beside this, the rotation of the sphere brings the different meridians successively under the hand—that is, under the sun. The clock, therefore, not only gives the time of day where it actually is, but also shows whereabouts on the globe it is noon at the same moment.

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Justice in the Night.

(By Jennie de Mayado.)

ON the most beautiful of all the West Indian islands, Jamaica, and within a mile of its principal city, Kingston, is Up Park Camp where are quartered the native black soldiers and English officers.

It is a picturesque spot, with its long avenue of enormous trees and exquisite view of the bay, palisades and ocean to the south and the ever changing mountains to the north.

On the top of one of these lies Newmarket. The English regiment is stationed there, out of the intense heat of the plains, the barracks and houses appearing as mere dots to those below.

It was a quiet night at camp, and dinner being over, several officers were seated smoking in the "Crow's Nest," the little veranda just outside the mess-room.

All were in high spirits that night, for "Jack" Brereton, of the First W. L. R., had just returned. Being a great favorite with one and all, they were delighted to have him with them again.

Captain Arthur Lloyd was especially glad, for he and "Jack" Brereton, now Captain Brereton, had been schoolfellows in England, had entered the army together and had been inseparable friends until a year before, when Brereton had been wounded in the Boer war and had been invalided home. Now, both returned from South Africa, they had met again in Jamaica.

The night was as perfect as any tropical night can be, the palm trees swaying and silencing in the moonlight, the white turbaned soldiers playing on the lawn, the distant murmur of the voices of the dances, who had come to listen to the music, the click of the billiard balls within the brilliantly lighted room, all were so delightfully familiar to the man who had just returned.

"Jack" Brereton had many tales to tell. He had been at the disastrous battle of Colenso, had fought like a tiger at Sclater Kop, although others had to tell that, and his singular boast was that he got his wound unpleasantly near the heart on a day when the British forces came desperately close to victory. All the later phases of the war were lost to him, except as they drifted in with the other wounded on the way back to England.

"Did you lose your heart to a hospital nurse?" pried up little Thimblebush.

"No," said Brereton, "not to a hospital nurse, though they were jolly good and some of them not bad looking."

Captain Lloyd listened to it all, not questioning his friend, but when the names of men well known in the service came up he would smile pleasantly on Brereton, for there was no envy in his makeup. When, however, Brereton told of the many odd meetings that chance brought about between men and women, long separated, Captain Lloyd's eyes took on a faraway look, for he was at the moment wrestling with a somewhat trying situation. Presently the chat around him died out of his ears and his young wife was before his eyes of his spirit.

"No wonder," he was thinking. Brereton looked astonished to see me here and almost babbled when he tried to put his surprise into words. I had no luck at all. Sent Marjorie back to her mother in Scotland when I was ordered to the Cape; then to fall sick in Cape Town and only reach the front when the war had become a thing of a quarter of a million men spreading a net for a couple of thousand Boers, and never seeing one with a rifle in his hands. Such beastly luck! Then ordered to Halifax. No sooner there and arranged to send for Marjorie when I was dropped down here only a fortnight ahead of Brereton, and where is Marjorie? Didn't answer my letters or my cable. Suppose she's jolly well on her way to Halifax, only to find me gone when she arrives, poor little girl. But, Jove, wasn't Brereton surprised to find me here?"

"Lloyd hasn't heard a word for the last ten minutes," said Carrigrew, the red nosed major, as he stirred his fourth toddy. "Arthur, my boy, you're growing as moody as a moon calf; you'll presently be dangerous."

Captain Lloyd smiled and said:—"Carrigrew, there are lemons left; don't be uneasy." Which, having no reverence to the Major's remark, was construed as mildly suggesting the bibulous acidity peculiar to the Major.

When Lloyd and Brereton sat smoking together an hour later it was Lloyd who broke the silence. "Jack, old man, I'm so glad you are here. I've been longing to have Marjorie."

Brereton sat very still, not shifting his position an atom, but pressing his fingers a little closer in their grasp on the arms of his chair.

"You seemed so surprised to see me, no wonder. Just fancy, that poor girl is probably on her way to Halifax—then the disappointment and the change of plans and the waiting. No one to look out for her. Now, some women can take care of themselves, but Marjorie is such an innocent, trusting little thing—"

"I think your wife can take care of herself," said Brereton, smiling faintly. Then he seemed to pull himself together and went on to tell how many such mishaps and misadven-

tions had arisen from the war. "There was old Blinsky, of the Derby-shires—"

"If she had only answered my cables," interrupted Lloyd.

"Too strict a sense of economy, perhaps," said Brereton.

"She never thought of economy," pursued Lloyd. "Just delightful little madcap that was so much of her charm. Why, you remember when she ordered the luncheon for a hundred and things enough for a regiment. The place seems so bare without her; all the new and most of the old officers bore me. I am so glad to have some one to talk to who won't always chop cheap wit like a nigger tune. Even the Colonel's wife is not above it. The other day she was poking fun at me. 'We all flit a little in the army,' said she, 'so be prepared.' Wasn't that beastly about a girl like Marjorie?"

"Shall we have that parade to-morrow?" broke in Brereton.

"Now, old fellow this is no question of a parade. I want to have a talk with an old friend about Marjorie."

"Yes, of course," said Brereton with a painstaking emphasis, and then sat back and looked out for a long time over the sea while Captain Lloyd went on and talked of Marjorie to his heart's content.

"Well, good night," said Brereton, rising abruptly.

"But I was just telling you of my dream and how it haunted me for days. It was of Marjorie, who seemed to be in some deadly peril which she could escape but would not, and behind her was a man's face obscured as by a mist. I could see it but dimly. Sometimes the mist would clear a bit and I would almost recognize the features, and then it would fade me. Jove, what an ugly dream!"

"Let us all have pleasant dreams to-night," said Brereton as he went to his quarters.

Matters ran along for a week in the lazy camp routine until one day the mail came in. Lloyd eagerly scanned his letters when his orderly brought them in. Not a word from Marjorie. Two letters from Halifax, one a laundry bill and the other from his friend Thimblebush saying that the steamer had brought neither Mrs. Lloyd nor any news of her. In his keen disappointment he turned to Brereton for comfort but Brereton had gone to fetch his own mail.

"More eager than even I am," growled Lloyd, as he flung himself out of the door.

Brereton was sauntering back from the regimental post office.

"Not a word from Marjorie. Now what's to be done?" blurted out Lloyd.

"Arthur," said Brereton, "you're all right. You'll get good news. Don't doubt your fate so much, even if your deserts are small."

"Jack, you're a brick, a bally brick. If you hadn't said a cheering word I believe I'd have—"

"Come along and drink something cool with fire in it," declared Brereton, passing his arm through Lloyd's and drawing him to the Crow's Nest, where the Major who never got any letters and never needed any, was seated, telling ribald stories to the subalterns.

"Stick by me, old man," said Lloyd. "I feel uncommon blue." And all that afternoon Lloyd held Brereton by him and talked of Marjorie.

Brereton seemed like a man in a dream, hopping, fearing, trusting. There was something lying close to his heart that seemed a weight upon it, for all the promise of joy it gave him. Just one hasty glance he had of it when he described Lloyd coming toward him from his quarters. How he had managed to conceal it he scarcely knew. He wanted to read it through, every word of it, but he must wait, wait, wait, and he lapsed away into his thoughts while Lloyd went on and on about Marjorie.

Lloyd drank many times of strong waters, and the building in him struggled with the mists of melancholy that were gnawing at his brain and drove them off. Still he held on to Brereton.

At dinner in the mess-room that evening Lloyd heard something that pleased him, it astonished him. It was Anstruther, who broke out:—"Glad of your luck, Lloyd. My mother writes me all about it. It was Mrs. Lloyd who worked heaven and earth to bring about your transfer to Jamaica, and she's coming out as soon as your arrival here is reported. Here's to the lady, true to her West Indian first love."

Brereton looked hastily at Lloyd, a strange smile in his dark eyes. Then he raised his glass and drank to the Captain's wife.

It was very merry after that, and Lloyd enjoyed the pleasure and cleverly kept the surprise of it from his fellows. Once Brereton's eyes seemed to say, "I told you you would have good news."

Once more, as the band played, the officers gathered in the Crow's Nest.

About eleven o'clock, the music having stopped, and the usual round of stories having been begun, Brereton, now very much himself, asked if they had been adding any new tales to those he already knew of the island.

"Nothing," replied a subaltern, "except the haunted house on the road to Newcastle. I have been hearing some ghastly tales of an old house up there, and while, of course, it is great nonsense, I can assure you that not a negro will ever enter the grounds. I was passing there and wanted to go in when a shower of rain caught me just outside, but I was prevented by an old black man and his son, who begged me not to enter, and I caught fragments of 'midnight,' 'trapdoor,' 'duppies' (ghosts) 'clanking chains' and so

forth, from their disjointed utterances.

"The rain having ceased, I went on my way, but I have often thought I would like to explore the old place."

"Well," said Arthur Lloyd, "let's go. The moon is full. Suppose we make it to-morrow evening. We will take up some things, make a night of it, and prove to your friends, the old man and his son, that there is nothing more to be afraid of than a few stray rats and lizards. What do you say Jack, shall we go?"

"I am game," said Brereton. "It will be beautifully cool up there, and it is certainly anything but that where we now are."

The next morning Lloyd's feelings had undergone an evident change. The night had been oppressive and he had slept but little. He had never been an imaginative man. Trust was his strong point all through life, and the latest news was not of the kind to call it in question. Marjorie had planned to have him transferred to Jamaica where they had first met and first loved, and no doubt she was coming out to join him and live over again the idyl of their lives.

But it was not like Marjorie to keep him in the dark. He had an instinct against being managed by anybody. By Jove, only his self-control had saved him from looking like a fool when Anstruther had told them all the news. When he came to think of it, surely Brereton had some inkling of it. Or hadn't he? Wasn't it only his easy, hopeful way of looking at things? And how should Brereton know anyway? He would say nothing about it if it did worry him.

Brereton, on the contrary, had regained his affability, but in one way or another seemed to be always out of the way when Lloyd was looking for him. He hated acting and with his old chum it would forever after be necessary. He was not troubling himself unnecessarily, but to be watchful over oneself was a bore. He was glad to talk of the projected trip and see to the preparations and he kept a little overbusy.

And so it happened that evening found them Lloyd, Brereton and two of their brother officers, Ford and Anstruther on their way to the hills. They rode their ponies, for the precipices were too steep and the paths too narrow to allow them to travel in any other manner. About ten o'clock they reached the broken down gate of the house they sought. This was as far as the negro servant who had followed them with rugs, refreshments, etc., could be forced to go.

"Me 'fraid der duppy, massa. When me die me got to be long time dead; me don't want to hurry things." So they told him to return for them at six o'clock the next morning.

Walking on, they came to the old house, not nearly so dilapidated as they had imagined and looking so little ghostlike that the spirits of the party fell.

The two younger officers voted it a bore and proposed going back to their quarters and enjoying a comfortable night's rest. The others, however, would not hear of such a thing and proceeded to make as merry as a hamper with a good supper and several bottles of wine would permit. They sang and told stories until one o'clock, and then the hour being past "when churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead," Ford and Anstruther again suggested leaving the rugs there and going down to camp, getting at least part of the night in comfort, for, as there was only one lounge in the house, it was clear that one person only could indulge in sleep with any degree of ease.

Brereton and his friend refused to leave, and said that if the others wished to return to camp they might as well go on, but he and his friend would remain and see it out.

Thus it was arranged; so when two o'clock struck the chums were alone in the haunted house.

"Now, old man," said Brereton, "you turn in for a couple of hours and I will remain on guard, for some of those chaps may try to play tricks on us. At four o'clock I will wake you up and then have a nap myself."

This seemed a reasonable suggestion and soon Lloyd was sleeping peacefully, while Brereton kept up the fire on the hearth and, to keep himself awake, took down from the wall an old machete, incased in a leather scabbard, left there probably by a former tenant of the house, and proceeded to examine it. He at last succeeded in getting the scabbard off and found the blade in rather good condition.

He remembered seeing a small griststone in one of the outrooms as they came to the house. He went outside and, bringing it in, proceeded to sharpen the blade of the queer looking weapon.

This occupied him for some time. He smiled to himself occasionally and looked now and again at his sleeping friend. He clinched his lips as he did so. Night and isolation bring weird imaginings. Whatever they were that came to Brereton, he gave them no word. He had loved the sleeping man as a brother—and now? Well, the game of man was on and he would play it. That was settled once and for all. A strange chance meeting in a small English town, a harvest moon, and the glamour of a campaign about a young soldier, a husband three thousand miles away, and, well, some things happen. Madcap, sure enough, but how blind Lloyd had been not to guess at the busy, planning, fending, wary brain that would fight for her pleasures like a catamount and laugh her blue eyed laugh in the face of it all.

The old machete in his hand, he went to a window and looked out on the night. The moon was gone, and under the stars the far line of the sea could not be discerned. He had hoped to see it, for he was to that extent sentimental. Marjorie, for good or ill, was on the sea. That he could not look on the rim of the ocean brought Marjorie more distinctly before him. A long vine hanging down before the casement stirred in the breeze. Something of her sinuous charm was in it, and he felt an impulse to take out the letter that lay against his heart and read it again and again. He laid his hand upon it, but as he did so the name of Marjorie seemed floating in the air like a breath, and the vine rustled at the casement as if set in motion by the word. Brereton, nervous for a moment, withdrew his hand from his bosom quickly and looked toward the couch. Lloyd was still sleeping.

Brereton turned from the window and went over to the candle. He glanced at his watch and saw it was four o'clock. A grim sudden thought came to his mind as he laid the machete beside the light. No. He was not that sort of fighter, at any rate. He would let fate overtake him; he would not force his destiny, whatever it was to be. There should be some fair play in a game.

He turned with decision, at least that mechanical decision which comes to the soldier and awakened the sleeper. Lloyd sprang quickly to his feet, and Brereton, with a conscious forcing of the note of jollity, said, pointing to the machete:—"Here, old chap, is something with which to keep away the ghosts. Now, for heaven's sake, don't let them come in and carry me off in my sleep." And so, laughing, he rolled himself up in the rug and took possession of the couch.

Lloyd scarcely awake and a bit dazed, started to replenish the fire, but he found that all the wood had been used. It was so near morning he decided not to bother to get more, and, taking up the machete, seated himself beside the sofa on which Brereton lay sleeping.

The candle had burned low—now it got lower and lower, until, with a great splutter, it went out, leaving the room in darkness, save for the faint starlight from the unlatched window.

Lloyd sat swiveling the machete between his knees. He could just make out the form of his old friend, whose curly dark hair seemed a cap of blackness above the face showing so white and indistinct. His head ached in a dull, heavy way. Ghosts! They were nothing to dreams. He supposed they were near relations, both left such burning impressions behind them, and there was always a vagueness that helped to make them haunting. Haunting? Aye, his dream! If he had only seen the face of the man in the dream. Suppose he had, what then? Who could convict a rat on the evidence of a dream? Better keep in the daylight and let ghosts and dreams alone. And he was weary, so weary. Two hours' sleep is scarce enough for a man. If there was but a place to throw himself down. But no it was his turn to keep awake and he must try to rouse himself.

The hanging vine rustled at the window. He started to his feet, and bent anxiously toward it. "A vine, not a snake," he whispered, and, kneeling on the low seat by the window, gazed, as Brereton had done before him, far into the distance.

The perfect beauty of the tropical night soothed and quieted his aching brain and heart and lulled him almost to slumber. The machete slipped from his hands and he stooped to recover it as his eye fell on an iron ring in the floor. "Then there is a trap door," and he drew back instinctively.

What was that! Clank! Clank! Clank! He sat listening. Again he heard it, this time more distinctly. It was coming nearer, nearer. The sound was now just under his feet.

He rose in horror. The trap door was slowly raised and a gigantic negro stepped into the room and beckoned him to follow. Lloyd tried to call out to Jack Brereton on the sofa, but an irresistible force drew him to the negro, who descended through the trap door. He followed down over stone steps and then on and on, it seemed for an eternity.

At last they turned into a narrow passage, the walls of which were damp and slimy, and came to a door, opened and they entered.

In the center of the room was a long table under a flaring hanging lamp, and round the table were seated a score of men, all negroes, and in heavy chains. They wore the garb of the old time slave, and on the shoulders of some were the deep welts and scars which betokened the unruly slave, or possibly the unjustly punished one.

They were singing, carousing and drinking. Lloyd tried to call out, but a deadly coldness began to come over him, and he stood powerless. They took no notice of him, however. Their chorus was a maddening medley. One whose body bore more scars than the rest suddenly arose and cried:—"Blood! Give us blood! Let those suffer whose parents drew it from us and our fathers!"

A frightful thought came to him—the blood they called for was his! He must shake off this numbness, must save himself. He clutched the machete, which he still carried, and, rushing among the negroes, slashed right and left until they all lay stretched at his feet.

The giant negro who had led him down was the last to fall, and as the blood came gushing from his mouth he gasped out the one word, "Marjorie!"

A horrible shudder went through Lloyd's frame, and he in turn called out the name of his wife. "Now! now!" he cried, "I am free! I have killed them all! Jack! Jack!"

What was it? Where was that dim violet light coming from? The flaring lamp was out. All the bodies had disappeared but that of the great black man. Look! It was shrinking and its face was whitening. It was some trick of the new light that was growing stronger and stronger every moment.

"Oh, my God! It is Jack! I have killed him, backed him to pieces in my dream! Jack! Jack!"

He knelt beside the body. It was warm. Blood everywhere. Was his heart beating? Was there any hope?

He ran his hand inside the loose coat and felt around the heart. As he withdrew his hand a letter fell to the floor.

When they found the living and the dead and the letter in the morning the maniac had only laughter for them.

They pieced out a rather common story for themselves and hid one of the actors in a grave, the other in an asylum and burned the letter, as reflecting on regimental ethics. But they did not place events in the sequence through which justice had been wrought in the night.

Rural Water Supply.

When such great sums of money are being expended by city governments that the inhabitants of towns may have a sanitary water supply it seems strange that the supply in rural towns should receive little or no attention. This latter population may seem relatively insignificant but according to the last census it comprises about 40,000,000 souls. This means that 40,000,000 people are drinking the water most available without a thought of its sanitary condition.

These various sources of supply, whether wells, springs or small streams, are similarly unreliable for furnishing drinking water. The statistics of mortality in the country are very indefinite, but even these show that the rural population is not as free from illness as it should be. And though everywhere the rural death rate is lower than the urban death rate, yet the lowering in the country has not been as great as in the city. An examination of typhoid statistics shows that the death rate of other diseases is generally lower in the country than in the city, but the prevalence of typhoid is almost equal to, if not greater, in the rural districts than in the cities.

Several instances have been reported which show the rural typhoid rate to be ten times greater than the urban rate for the same district. To particularize, a certain district in Central Pennsylvania proves this fact. It is made up of a rural population with one hundred inhabitants to the square mile. It is a region of fine farms, wild mountains and woods, country residences and puny groves. In this valley there has been as much typhoid fever as in the city of Philadelphia.

As this condition is, there seems to be no remedy for it. The sources of a city water supply are few and the city government easily controls the conditions affecting it, but what can be done when the sources of supply are numbered by the thousands? A mint of money and an army of chemists would not be sufficient to give the same care to the country supply that is given to that of the city.

EARTH TREMORS ON COAST.

Although Frequent, Usually Slight and Cause Little Uneasiness.

Earthquakes, if slight tremors in which movements of the earth are barely perceptible, may be called earthquakes, as are common in California as thunder storms in the Missouri valley, the home of the cyclone.

Sometimes for periods of several weeks, tremblings of the earth, each of a duration of only a second or two, can be noticed almost every day. The older residents and the "native sons" pay no more attention to these seismic disturbances than does a New Yorker to an ordinary summer electrical storm on a sultry August evening.

The first California earthquake of which there is any record was in 1868. On that occasion scores of houses east of Montgomery Street, in San Francisco, on "made ground," were wrecked. A half dozen lives were lost. The property loss was placed at \$3,000,000. The city was then built of wood, almost without exception, and a few buildings were destroyed by fire. The shock was most severe in the mountainous counties to the north and east, which led to the belief that the quake was due to a great subterranean slide, due to a "fault" in the geological formation.

The next California earthquake of note occurred in 1872. It was most severe in Inyo County, in the southern end of the State. It was sufficiently violent in Los Angeles and San Diego to throw the residents of those towns into a panic, but no lives were lost and little property destroyed. The shock was plainly perceptible as far north as San Francisco, San Jose, Stockton and Sacramento.

The Angora goat furnishes most of the hair which adorns ordinary dolls. This product is valued at \$46,000,000 a year.

Travelers in Africa cross some rivers in small round boats made of hide. The boats are pushed across by negroes.

India has 328,000 persons on its famine relief roll.

When Wilbur Came East.

By Ida May Pattee.

At the click of the door, Alton wheeled suddenly around from his desk and looked straight into the muzzle of Wilbur's six-shooter. For a moment neither man stirred. At last Alton spoke.

"Well?" he said quietly, "your visit, to say the least, is—unconventional."

Wilbur laughed grimly. "Exactly. I didn't—er—trouble you to the extent of sending in my card. I thought perhaps this way (he nodded significantly toward the six-shooter) would be—easier—more effective."

Alton nodded. "I daresay," he replied drily, "and since you are here, if you will have the kindness to be brief—" he paused with a slight shrug, and Wilbur shot him a quick glance of admiration.

"The same old Alton," he laughed, "cool-headed and exasperating." He swung one leg over the edge of the table, and drawing a high-backed office chair before him rested his arm across the top, bringing the revolver to the level of Alton's eyes. Then he continued lazily, "I am Burt Wilbur. It is possible that you remember me. Ah, yes, I see that you do. You robbed me of something like a couple of thousand back there in the '80s. Remember that, too, daresay? Um, so do I, but I'm not kicking about that. You were smarter than I, that was all; and I profited by the experience." He paused for a moment and looked steadily into Alton's eyes.

"There's a little woman back there," he went on, "an angel if there ever was one. She pulled me through typhoid once, and there isn't a boy on the ranch that wouldn't give his neck for her. She's got a son, a graceless sort of devil, but he's all she's got, and he saved my life once, so we'll let him pass. But the lad's father was a fool, and, well, you worked him, that's all, just as you worked me. He, well, they found him down by the gulch with a few of his brains scattered around on the grass and a 32-caliber in his hand. Of course, you foreclosed; it's an old trick of yours, Alton, but 'twas kind of tough on the little woman. Say, now, but wasn't it?"

He spoke with lazy good humor, but the glitter in his eyes belied the indifference of his voice. Alton shifted uneasily. "Well?" he questioned sharply.

Wilbur shifted his chair to the other corner of his mouth, and squinted his eyes through the smoke. "I've got a paper here," he drew a folded document from his pocket and flung it upon the desk, "and I'm going to give you about two and one-half minutes to put your disgraceful name at the bottom of it. It means a roof over the little woman's head, and a chance to keep that devil-may-care son of hers from the streets. If you will have the kindness to be brief—"

There was mocking contempt in his tones but Alton scarcely heeded; his eyes were roving cautiously about the room and his brain was working rapidly. Suddenly his eyes lighted. With apparent carelessness he let his fingers roam among the papers on his desk, until he fumbled upon a button. With a barely perceptible movement he brought his finger down upon it, but, sly as his action had been, Wilbur was too quick for him. As the door of the inner office was flung open Wilbur's left hand shot out from behind him and another gleaming weapon was leveled at the astonished and fear-stricken youth upon the threshold. Wilbur laughed good-naturedly. "Your secretary, I presume," he said, turning slightly toward the man at the desk.

Alton nodded sullenly.

"That is extremely fortunate," Wilbur went on smoothly. "His signature will be available as a witness. 'You, sir,' nodding to the secretary, 'will kindly step behind your illustrious employer. He is about to sign his name to a certain document there upon his desk.'"

There was a moment's strained silence. Alton was looking searchingly into the eyes behind the six-shooter. At the end of the scrutiny he lifted his pen with an oath, and scrawled his name across the document.

"Thanks," Wilbur said, easily. "Now, you, Mr. Secretary—"

Without a word the white-faced youth placed his shaly signature beneath that of his employer.

Wilbur sat for a moment in deep thought, his eyes upon the two men, his weapons covering them. Then he slid gracefully down from the table and kicked the chair away. "If you will be so kind, gentlemen—" and the two men, one swearing and the other trembling, were backed unceremoniously into the inner office.

Wilbur turned the key in the lock and pocketed his pistols, and unmindful of the choice variety of muffled curses that came from behind the door, he turned toward the desk. He blotted the signatures, and folding the document, thrust it into his coat. He lifted a roll of bank notes, looked them over calmly, and with a shrug of his shoulders, replaced them upon the desk. A half-blown rose in a tumbler of water caught his eye. He sniffed it cautiously then drew it jauntily through his buttonhole, unbolting the door and sauntered, whistling, out into the corridor and rang the elevator bell.

Birds, when perched on trees or bushes are natural weathercocks, as they invariably roost with their heads to the wind.

India has 328,000 persons on its famine relief roll.

Travelers in Africa cross some rivers in small round boats made of hide. The boats are pushed across by negroes.

India has 328,000 persons on its famine relief roll.

Boston & Maine R. R. Portsmouth Electric Railway

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT In Effect June 25, 1906

EASTERN DIVISION

Trains Leave Portsmouth

For Boston—3.20, 5.16, 6.30, 7.30, 7.55, 8.15, 10.55, 11.05 a. m., 1.48, 1.58, 2.21, 3.00, 5.00, 6.35, 7.28 p. m., Sunday, 3.20, 5.16, 6.35, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 6.55 p. m.

For Portland—7.35, 9.55, 10.45, 11.25 a. m., 2.25, *5.22, 8.50, 11.25 p. m., Sunday *8.30, 10.45 a. m., 8.50, 11.35 p. m.

For Wells Beach—7.35, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, *5.22 p. m., Sunday *8.30 a. m.

For Old Orchard—7.35, 9.55 a. m., 2.55, *5.22 p. m., Sunday *8.30 a. m.

For North Conway—9.55, 11.11 a. m., 3.07 p. m.

For Somersworth—4.50, *7.35, *9.45, 9.55, 11.11 a. m., *2.48, 3.07, *5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Rochester—7.35, *9.45, 9.55, 11.11 a. m., *2.48, 3.07, *5.22, 5.30 p. m.

For Dover—4.50, 7.35, 9.45, 12.15 a. m., 2.48, 3.22, 8.52 p. m., Sunday 8.30, 9.30, 10.48 a. m., 1.25, 5.00, 8.52 p. m.

For North Hampton and Hampton—6.30, 7.30, 7.55, 8.15, 11.05 a. m., 1.58, [2.21, 5.00, 6.35 p. m., Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 2.21, 5.00, 6.55 p. m.

For Greenland—7.35, 8.15, 11.05 a. m., 5.00, 6.35 p. m., Sunday, 8.00 a. m., 5.00, 6.55 p. m.

Trains for Portsmouth

Leave Boston—5.55, 7.30, 8.50, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.10 a. m., 1.00, 1.40, 2.15, 2.30, 4.45, 6.00, 7.00, 10.00 p. m., Sunday, 4.00, 8.20, 9.00, 10.30 a. m., 6.30, 7.00, 10.00 p. m.

Leave Portland—1.20, 3.50, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 1.35, 6.00, *8.00 p. m., Sunday 1.20, 3.50 a. m., 12.45, *5.00, *5.45, *8.00 p. m.

Leave Old Orchard—9.09 a. m., 12.48, 1.53, *3.52, *6.21, *8.17 p. m., Sunday *5.18, *6.06, *8.17 p. m.

Leave North Conway—7.35, 10.43 a. m., 2.21 p. m.

Leave Rochester—7.22, 9.47 a. m., 12.58, 5.34 p. m., Sunday, 7.09 a. m.

Leave Somersworth—6.35, 7.34, *8.15, 10.00, *10.08 a. m., 1.11, 5.48 p. m., Sunday, *12.30, 4.12 p. m.

Leave Dover—6.55, 8.36, 10.21 a. m., 1.40, 4.25, 6.30, 9.20 p. m., Sunday, 7.30 a. m., 12.45, 1.50, 4.25, 9.20 p. m.

Leave Hampton—7.47, 9.22, 10.06, 11.50 a. m., 2.24, 4.26, 4.59, 6.16, 7.24 p. m., Sunday 6.19, 10.06 a. m., 12.03, 7.59 p. m.

Leave North Hampton—7.52, 9.28, 10.11, 11.55 a. m., 2.30, 4.31, 5.05, 6.21, 7.28 p. m., Sunday 6.19, 10.12 a. m., 12.00, 8.05 p. m.

Leave Greenland—7.59, 9.35 a. m., 12.01, 2.36, 5.11, 6.27 p. m., Sunday 6.21, 10.18 a. m., 12.15, 8.10 p. m.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

Portsmouth Branch

Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and Intermediate stations:

Portsmouth—8.30 a. m., 12.40, 5.25 p. m.

Greenland Village—8.39 a. m., 12.45, 5.33 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.05 a. m., 1.02, 5.58 p. m.

Exeter—9.20 a. m., 1.16, 6.14 p. m.

Raymond—9.21 a. m., 1.27, 6.25 p. m.

Returning leave, Concord—7.45, 10.25 a. m., 3.30 p. m.

Manchester—8.32, 11.10 a. m., 4.20 p. m.

Raymond—9.08, 11.48 a. m., 5.02 p. m.

Exeter—9.30 a. m., 12.00 m., 5.17 p. m.

Rockingham Junction—9.47 a. m., 12.16, 5.55 p. m.

Greenland Village—10.01 a. m., 12.28, 6.08 p. m.

Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodsville, Lancaster, St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt., Montreal and the west.

* Via Dover and Western Division || North Hampton only.

Information Given, Through Tickets Sold and Baggage Checked to All Points in the United States and Canada.

Dana E. Cutter, Ticket Agent.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

YORK HARBOR & BEACH R. R.

Leave Portsmouth—8.20, 11.15 a. m., 12.45, 3.15, 4.55, 6.15 p. m.

Leave York Beach—6.45, 9.50 a. m., 12.05, 1.23, 4.05, 5.50 p. m.

Leave York Harbor—6.55, 9.58, 12.11 a. m., 1.29, 13.58 p. m.

Dana E. Cutter, Ticket Agent.

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. and T. A.

TIME TABLE

Portsmouth, Dover and York St. Ry.

In effect Thursday, June 28, 1906

Ferry leaves Portsmouth, connect-

with cars:

For Eliot and Dover—6.55, 7.55, 8.55, 9.25 a. m., and half hourly until 7.55 p. m., then 8.55, 9.55 and *10.55 p. m., Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

* For Kennard's Corner only.

For South Berwick and York Beach via Rosemary—6.55, 7.55 a. m., and hourly until 9.55 p. m., Sundays—First trip 7.55 a. m.

For Kittery and Kittery Point—6.55, 6.55 a. m., and half-hourly until 10.55 p. m., Sundays—First trip at 7.55 a. m.

For York Village, York Harbor and York Beach, via Kittery and Kittery Point—6.55, 6.55 a. m., and half-hourly until 7.55 p. m., then 8.25 and 9.25 p. m., Sundays—first trip at 7.55 a. m.

Cars leave Dover:

For Portsmouth—6.05, 7.05 a. m., and hourly until 10.05 p. m., Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Portsmouth, Eliot and Kittery—6.05, 7.05, 8.05, 9.05, 9.55, 10.30 a. m., continuing to leave five minutes and thirty minutes past the hour until 8.05 p. m., then 9.05 and 10.05 p. m., Sundays—First trip at 8.05 a. m.

For Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick—6.30 a. m., and hourly until 10.30 p. m., Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Note—Cars between Dover and Portsmouth, leaving on the half hour, run through without change. Cars leaving Dover five minutes past the hour and Badger's Island on the hour make connections by changing cars at Rosemary Junction.

Leave Salmon Falls Bridge, South Berwick:

For Dover, Eliot, Portsmouth, Kittery, York Village, York Harbor, and York Beach—6.00 a. m., and hourly until 10.00 p. m., Sundays—First trip at 8.00 a. m.

Note—Passengers for York change cars at South Berwick Junction. Passengers for Eliot, Portsmouth and Kittery change cars at South Berwick Junction and Rosemary Junction.

Leave York Beach:

For Dover, South Berwick (also Portsmouth) and Eliot via Rosemary—6.30 a. m., and hourly until 9.30 p. m., 10.30 p. m., to South Berwick car runs only. Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.

For Portsmouth, Kittery Point and Kittery, via P. K. & Y. Div.—5.45, 6.50, 7.01 a. m., and half-hourly until 9.00 p. m., 10.00 p. m., to Kittery Point only. Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.

Leave Sea Point, Kittery:

For Portsmouth—6.00, 6.30 a. m., and half-hourly until 10.30 p. m., Sundays—First trip at 7.30 a. m.

Leave Rosemary Junction, Eliot:

For Portsmouth and Kittery—6.30, 7.30, 8.30, 9.30, 9.55 a. m., continuing to leave thirty minutes and fifty-five minutes past the hour until 8.30 p. m., then 9.30 and 10.30 p. m., Sundays—First trip at 8.30 a. m.

Close connections can be made between Dover and York Beach via Eliot, Kittery and Kittery Point.

W. G. MEELOON, Gen. Mgr.

Tel. Call—578 Portsmouth.

His Wasted Ambition.

By F. C. Weeks.

The club piazza was gay with the usual late afternoon crowd; automobiles of every hue and smart traps lined about with tea trays, syphons and bowls of ice to the small tables where pretty women and men in flannels were grouped, telling new jokes and comparing new scores.

In marked contrast to all this noise and confusion, the last couple from the tennis courts strolled leisurely in, apparently absorbed in each other's society.

"I hate to be beaten," said the girl earnestly, "but I hate worse to have you deliberately throw me a set, as you did just now, out of kindness or pity."

"What really would please your ladyship, and it is yours, even unto the half of my kingdom," replied the man lightly, but his eyes deepened and his expression changed as he waited for her answer.

"What a generous offer," she said gaily. "May I answer at my leisure, while we have tea, for they have saved us our pet table over in the corner?" In 10 minutes, then, Au revoir.

A quarter of an hour later, fresh from his shower bath, John Graham joined the girl at the table reserved for them.

"You are so good at look at Jack," she said frankly, as she added the lemon and sugar.

"And that is all," he responded, frowning. "You regard me as you would a thoroughbred horse or dog."

You never think of the me underneath. You've applauded my cross-country riding, heaved me with laurels for physical prowess these three years, and that is all."

"What else has there been?" she asked, gravely.

"Since you left college, captain of your team, what has there been? I had expected so much of you, Jack."

"You know, I began, hesitatingly.

"You?" she murmured, looking forward, her eyes never leaving his face. "You were saying."

"The you know, I was just thinking of you. Wondering why you were, what you were doing, whether you were happy or not; tell me, you are happy with him, are you not?"

"With him? With whom?"

"My husband."

"My husband? I have no—why, Bobbie, I'm not married!"

"You're not married! But Saunders, what about Saunders?"

"I know, after I left I thought you would."

"Yes, yes, I know you thought, you thought—oh, Bobbie, you thought too much. You had no right to think that I would marry him, but the fact you would go away and let me enjoy my uncle's bounty, but you had no right to think that I wanted."

"But Nan, I did it for the best, don't you see?"

She stopped and drew back, crimsoning, the tears creeping into her voice and her eyes.

It was now Travers' turn to lean forward. Tremblingly he reached into his breast and pulled forth a tiny lace handkerchief, crumpled and dark with pocket grime. Unfolding it, he spread it out before her.

"Why, that's mine," she quavered. "It's the one you stole from me at the Martin dance and then wouldn't give back."

"Yes, that's it. And I've kept it with me ever since—always. But—" he thought striving him. "Your mother?"

At this she seemed suddenly to remember her position. Stilling a sob she caught at her cheek, and, hastily rising, looked across the room. Travers reached over and gently pushed her down.

"You're not going just yet," he said, quietly, "not for all the mothers in the world."

"I don't know why I came over here, Bobbie," she murmured, nervously twisting the handkerchief around her finger. "Mr. Saunders took me to a table over there and then went out to look for mother, who was coming behind with Mr. Durdek; and when I looked around and saw you I was so glad I didn't even stop to think, but just—"

"Saunders!" he interrupted roughly. "I thought—"

"Yes," she said hurriedly, "he never seems to give up. It's impossible to make him understand that we can only be friends, and mother won't understand." Closing her eyes wearily. "Between them both I almost go crazy sometimes."

"Hang Saunders and his whole crowd," he choked out, grasping her hands and kissing them again and again, this time utterly oblivious to his surroundings. "I lost you once, three years ago, Nan Weatherby, but, by heaven, I'm not going to lose you now! Listen to me—"

"Oh, Bobbie," she gasped, "everybody's looking at us!"

"Never mind that," he smiled, still holding her. "The Reverend Charles McCracken lives just around the corner from here, and he is a good friend of mine. Shall we call on him?"

"You said once my eyes told you I would go anywhere with you," she said, looking up at him; "what do they tell you now?"

And from the size of the tip which Travers shoved into the hands of the astonished waiter, we may safely conclude that the light in Miss Nan Weatherby's eyes illumined a pretty straight road to the abode of the Rev. Charles McCracken.

NOT ON THE MENU.

By W. B. Keller.

Travers sat alone at a little table in a corner of the cafe. The continued hum and murmur of low-pitched voices, all the interminable sounds of the restaurant surrounded him, but he sat quite still, with his chin resting in his hands, staring at the empty chair opposite to him. The sight of pretty women, well-groomed men, all the bright, lively scene around him did not entice him from his reverie even for a moment.

At last Travers nervously drained the cup to the last drop, and then, wearily passing his hand across his forehead, he assumed his former attitude. Dreamily he fixed his eyes on the chair, and then began talking in a sort of breathless whisper, as if to some one seated therein:

"Nannie, Nannie it's so good to see you again. Let's see, it's been three years, almost, since that last time when—but we won't think of that now. We'll just be happy. Tell me, is your life happy, is he good to you? If he isn't—Oh, if I had only cared less what people might say, if I could have forgotten my miserable pride, we'd run off some place and been married in spite of your uncle and his money, wouldn't we? Yes, I know."

After a time, Travers knew not how long, he pulled himself together and looked up. He glanced at what had been the empty chair, rubbed his eyes and looked again. A girl in a light opera cloak smiled across at him.

"Yes, Bobbie, I'm real!" Then, anxiously, as he continued rigidly staring at her, "Bobbie, don't you know me?"

Travers had become very pale. He sat tensely grasping the arm of his chair, mutely drinking in the picture before him.

He half rose out of his chair and, grasping both her hands in his, raised them almost to his lips, then, realizing that many curious glances were being cast in their direction, he released them and sank back.

"You know, I began, hesitatingly.

"You?" she murmured, looking forward, her eyes never leaving his face. "You were saying."

"The you know, I was just thinking of you. Wondering why you were, what you were doing, whether you were happy or not; tell me, you are happy with him, are you not?"

"With him? With whom?"

"My husband."

"My husband? I have no—why, Bobbie, I'm not married!"

"You're not married! But Saunders, what about Saunders?"

"I know, after I left I thought you would."

"Yes, yes, I know you thought, you thought—oh, Bobbie, you thought too much. You had no right to think that I would marry him, but the fact you would go away and let me enjoy my uncle's bounty, but you had no right to think that I wanted."

"But Nan, I did it for the best, don't you see?"

She stopped and drew back, crimsoning, the tears creeping into her voice and her eyes.

It was now Travers' turn to lean forward. Tremblingly he reached into his breast and pulled forth a tiny lace handkerchief, crumpled and dark with pocket grime. Unfolding it, he spread it out before her.

"Why, that's mine," she quavered. "It's the one you stole from me at the Martin dance and then wouldn't give back."

"Yes, that's it. And I've kept it with me ever since—always. But—" he thought striving him. "Your mother?"

At this she seemed suddenly to remember her position. Stilling a sob she caught at her cheek, and, hastily rising, looked across the room. Travers reached over and gently pushed her down.

"You're not going just yet," he said, quietly, "not for all the mothers in the world."

"I don't know why I came over here, Bobbie," she murmured, nervously twisting the handkerchief around her finger. "Mr. Saunders took me to a table over there and then went out to look for mother, who was coming behind with Mr. Durdek; and when I looked around and saw you I was so glad I didn't even stop to think, but just—"

"Saunders!" he interrupted roughly. "I thought—"

"Yes," she said hurriedly, "he never seems to give up. It's impossible to make him understand that we can only be friends, and mother won't understand." Closing her eyes wearily. "Between them both I almost go crazy sometimes."

"Hang Saunders and his whole crowd," he choked out, grasping her hands and kissing them again and again, this time utterly oblivious to his surroundings. "I lost you once, three years ago, Nan Weatherby, but, by heaven, I'm not going to lose you now! Listen to me—"

"Oh, Bobbie," she gasped, "everybody's looking at us!"

"Never mind that," he smiled, still holding her. "The Reverend Charles McCracken lives just around the corner from here, and he is a good friend of mine. Shall we call on him?"

"You said once my eyes told you I would go anywhere with you," she said, looking up at him; "what do they tell you now?"

And from the size of the tip which Travers shoved into the hands of the astonished waiter, we may safely conclude that the light in Miss Nan Weatherby's eyes illumined a pretty straight road to the abode of the Rev. Charles McCracken.

TWO LETTERS.

By Grace A. Leary.

The proof of her perfidy lay before him in the form of the little letter which read:

Dear Billie: Meet me at the same place this afternoon at 2. This is to be the last time, as Vernon will be back tomorrow, and I think it would break my heart if he were to learn anything at this late day. Until tomorrow then, I am, yours with love,

Jeannie.

He had come back a day earlier than expected and had hoped to surprise her by coming in through the back library window where he knew she always spent the morning over a book and letters. The open desk and the half dried ink on the letter told him she had but lately quitted

then began what was characterized as "a fum-a-diddle time." The lines of discipline were rigidly drawn and the drills were frequent and exacting. The finger of the martinet pointed in many directions, and the men who groveled went to the guard-house on a trot.

All military posts there are a few favored men—men who suffer now and then from old wounds or have performed brave deeds, and are tacitly allowed to take things easy.

Such a man was private Tom Gorman at Fort Brown. Two bullets had been fired into him as he rode with despatches across the plains one night, and though not incapacitated as a soldier he was given light duty and coddled up a bit.

The rodding ceased soon after the major's arrival. He was on the lookout for such men. They were returned to duty, and even given extra duty, and the mild protests of captains and lieutenants were met with the formal reply:

"This is a military post, not a hospital, and no man, unless excused by the doctor at sick-call, will be exempt from duty."

Private Gorman returned to duty with a complaint, and subsequent events proved that the martinet had a special eye on him. He was twice reprimanded during company drill one day, and following that he was placed on sentry duty and took his post at midnight in a rainstorm.

It was an inside job and of no consequence. The wounded man took the chance of getting under shelter for a short time. The major went the round that night, caught him derelict and saw him hustled off to the guard-house.

Private Gorman did not serve out his sentry post of 30 days in the guard-house. When he had served five days he was assisted to escape. He was furnished with a carbine and food, and he went into hiding within three miles of the fort.

He felt that he had been unjustly treated and that he had been disgraced without cause, and he calmly and deliberately made up his mind to kill the man responsible. It was for this reason that he lingered near the fort.

Almost every morning the major rode down to the boiling spring, three miles down the rough trail, and there were 50 places where he could be ambushed. The spot selected was a big rock alongside the trail, and Tom was on watch there the morning after his escape.

It was, seven o'clock before the echoes of the iron-shod hoofs of the major's horse reached his ears, and an instant later he was jerking out from behind the rock.

It was the major, alone on the trail. No one was in sight in either direction.

As the soldier made ready with his carbine the major let fall his reins and drew a letter from his pocket. As he did so a photograph fell from the letter to the stony highway unnoticed by him. Queer as it may seem, curiously about the photograph overbalanced Tom Gorman's thirst for revenge for the moment, and he let the officer pass.

A minute later behind the card in his hand. It was the picture of a little girl not over five years old—a sweet faced little thing—and underneath was written "From Elsie to Papa."

THE HERALD.

MINIATURE ALMANAC
JULY 9.

SUN RISES 4:16 MOON RISES 10:00 P. M.
SUN SETS 7:23 MOON SETS 10:15 A. M.
LENGTH OF DAY 15:07

Low Water, July 13th, 5h. 13m., morning, E.
New Moon, July 21st, 7h. 59m., morning, E.
First Quarter, July 28th, 2h. 56m., evening, E.
Full Moon, August 4th, 2h. 0m., morning, W.



MONDAY, JULY 9, 1906.

THE TEMPERATURE

At two o'clock this afternoon, THE HERALD'S thermometer registered seventy-six degrees above zero.

LOCAL DASHES

Circus week.
A fair Sunday.

The vacation school opens today.
Next Sunday is St. Swithin's day.
The trolleys were crowded yesterday.

Mackerel have not been so plentiful in years.

Yesterday was the fourth Sunday after Trinity.

Will there be a Labor day celebration this year?

The second circus day of the year comes this week.

Reports say that the Salem rates are very interesting.

The Summer maidens have invaded Portsmouth in force.

Have your shoes repaired by John Mott, 34 Congress street.

New Castle hopes soon to be provided with rapid transit.

Kittery has contributed largely to the list of recent accidents.

If the firemen's day parade is out this year, it will be missed.

It is pleasing to see signs of activity at the old machine shop.

The Piscataqua River furnishes an unusual variety of fish this year.

Today is the anniversary of the death in 1850 of President Taylor.

The Harborm and Daily circus returns to us after an absence of ten years.

There seem to be fewer hurdy-gurdies this year than in previous years.

Portsmouth's accident list or late has been of record breaking proportions.

The vacation school has proved a very popular institution in Portsmouth.

It looks as if short lobsters would soon entirely disappear from the market.

The addition of water faucets in Sagamore cemetery supplies a much-needed want.

The military band from Fort Constitution gave us some excellent concerts last year.

Tomorrow in the Jewish calendar will be the fast of Tammuz, the date being Tammuz 17, 5665.

The battleship New Hampshire will have to come to Portsmouth to receive the state's gift.

The fans all hope that there will really be a baseball game at Portsmouth Field next Saturday.

Motor boats and challenges supply an argumentative diversion for citizens along the water front.

Brewster's Illustrated Souvenir of the Isles of Shoals. Price reduced to 15 cents. Hoyt and Dow.

There will soon be a decided change in the appearance of the corner of Fleet and Porter streets.

Baseball is more popular than ever before in most places. Is Portsmouth an exception to the rule?

We have got along very well without the street sprinklers so far, but there is a long Summer ahead of us.

Now that a follower of the hand-tub True W. Priest has come forward with a money challenge there ought to be one more big sporting event this season.

On Saturday afternoon a group of six young men of this city, all of whom are now working in various New England cities, were seen standing on The Parade. They were passing the holidays at their homes.

Star Lodge of Odd Ladies will hold its annual picnic Wednesday, July 11, at the Sagamore. It is pleasant; if not, further notice will be given. Please bring bowl and mug.

Fannie E. Trueman,
Noble Lady.

PORTSMOUTH TEAM GOING TO YORK BEACH

The Portsmouth baseball team will go to York Beach tomorrow (Tuesday) for the first game of its series with the team of that resort. A second game will be played in this city on Saturday.

VERY WILD AND WOOLY

Experience of A Portsmouth Railroad Man

MAN WITH REVOLVER WENT DOWN AND OUT

Fireman B. A. Denham of this city, employed on the Boston and Maine railroad, who with Engineer Austin was shifting at Dover on a west bound freight, had a thrilling experience a few nights ago.

It was about midnight and they were working in the upper yard, when a man got aboard the locomotive, saying he was going to ride to Boston. The men on the engine thought differently and put the intruder off.

Later, he appeared again and flashing a revolver while standing near the engine demanded that he be allowed to get aboard.

At that time the brakeman gave a motion for the train to back up and both men crouched below the window in the cab so as to be safe if the man fired, and backed the train down into the yard.

The stranger did not fire and the men on the engine thought that they had escaped pretty easily and would not be troubled again. This proved to be a wrong impression.

In fifteen minutes the man appeared again and standing close to the engine between the tender and cab, he pointed the gun at the fireman and said: "If you move I will blow your head off."

The fireman had been using one of the tools to bank up his fire and was just swinging it back onto the tender. When the man again flashed the gun the fireman made no talk and showed fight, but instead of laying the heavy bar on the coal pile, he sawing it out at the dark form of the stranger, who was making ready to again get into the cab. The bar struck him squarely in the face and he fell to the ground in a heap.

He was removed by some men who were with him. They stated that he was a member of the crew of the Cummins circus and had been making considerable trouble all day. They also said that he was not a canvas or stake man but held a very good position with the circus. His recklessness, they added, was due to bad liquor.

BEOTT---WELCH

Marriage Of Two Well Known And Popular Young People

The marriage of Archibald Beott, clerk at the Langdon Hotel, and Miss Nellie Agnes Welch took place at the Church of the Immaculate Conception on Saturday. Rev. William J. Cavanaugh performed the ceremony and the wedding was attended only by immediate friends and relatives.

The bride was attired in a gown of white organdie, with val lace trimmings. She was attended by her sister, Mary Welch, who wore white muslin.

Thomas Touhig acted as best man. After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Beott repaired to the home of the bride in Wendell court, where many congratulations were extended and a pleasant reception was held.

Mr. and Mrs. Beott received many useful presents.

They will reside in this city.

AT RAND'S GROVE

Lawn Party Held By The Ladies of Jenness Beach

A very pretty and successful lawn party took place Saturday night at Rand's grove. The party was gotten up by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Jenness Beach Improvement Society and the proceeds will go toward maintaining the electric lights on the Cable road.

The grove was very prettily illuminated with 150 lanterns. On the beautifully decorated tables were for sale peanuts, candy, popcorn etc. Music was furnished by a hurdy-gurdy from Portsmouth.

Many Summer guests were present and enjoyed the pleasant evening.

NORTH CHURCH PICNIC

The annual picnic of the North Church Sunday school will be held at

Bayside, Greenland, on Wednesday, July 11. All members of the parish are invited. Trains will leave Portsmouth at 8:30 a. m., and 12:40 p. m. Bring basket lunch, cup and spoon.

PUTTING IN COPPER WIRES

Western Union Company Repairing Damage Done Last Winter

The Western Union Telegraph Company is running twenty copper-wires from Lynn to Boston, along the line where the poles and wires suffered so much damage by the storms of last Winter.

The company will also construct four copper lines through from Portland to Boston.

By this new work the company expects to better the service to a great extent and to be prepared for the storms of next Winter.

FINGER NEARLY SEVERED

Frank P. Downing the Victim of a Painful Accident

Frank P. Downing, employed by the firm of C. E. Walker and Company, met with a painful accident this (Monday) morning.

He was engaged in chopping wood when the handle of the axe slipped and struck the chopping block, directing the blow in such a manner that the blade of the axe nearly severed the forefinger of his left hand. He was attended by Dr. F. S. Towle.

AT THE NAVY YARD

Rumor has it that one of the leading men of the steam engineering department has resigned.

A dock trial of the U. S. S. Castine is expected to take place on Wednesday.

Capt. Sylvester of ferry steamer, No. 122, will celebrate the sixty-third anniversary of his birth tomorrow (Tuesday). The Captain, although getting along in years, has lost none of his activity and today is as young in his manner as he was twenty years ago. His many friends hope he will see many more anniversaries and enjoy life in the future as he has in the past.

Leonard Chestnut, stenographer in the steam engineering department, returned today (Monday) from a trip to New York and Vermont.

The mean trick of the man or men who painted the goat of the U. S. S. Eagle might pass as funny to anyone who would do such a thing, but in the eyes of the majority of the workmen at the yard and to the ship's crew there was no fun in it and whoever committed the deed should be taken care of in the right way.

On the basis of the plans for the old frigate Constitution, the navy department will restore her to her original condition. The work is to be done at Boston navy yard. Changes made from time to time on the Constitution to fit her for active service have totally transformed her original appearance, and a thorough study has been made of plans from the records of the early navy to enable the department to reproduce faithfully the rigging, the internal arrangement and the position of guns on the ship. In place of metal guns dummy ordnance will be used to indicate the original armament.

Four floor and vice machinists and six machinists' helpers have been called in the steam engineering department.

REGULAR MEETING, P. A. C.

The regular meeting of the Portsmouth Athletic Club will be held at the club house Tuesday evening, July 10, at eight p. m.

ANOTHER GRAVEL PIT

Has Been Abandoned By The Boston and Maine Railroad

The Boston and Maine railroad has abandoned another gravel field, known as Marston's pit, at Hampton. This pit has been in use by the company for twelve years or more and furnished a good part of the filling for the double track system between Salisbury and Greenland.

The tracks have been taken up and will be placed at the Dunbar pit near the same station, where the company has owned land to be used for this purpose for several years.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Willis Smith enjoyed an automobile trip to Newburyport on Saturday.

Miss Mary Canty, formerly of this city, is visiting friends here for a few days.

Alice and Rose Ryan of Jefferson street have returned from a visit of a week in Dover.

The many friends of W. H. Phinney are glad to see him about again after a severe illness.

Edwin R. Pearson, Schenectady, N. Y., is passing the Summer at his former home in this city.

Miss May Small of Lewiston, Me., has taken a position in the Armstrong dining rooms at the Boston and Maine station.

Capt. Frank D. Webster, retired, of the marine corps, has been granted leave to remain abroad for one year from Aug. 10.

Miss Carrie Frost of this city, who has been passing two weeks at her former home in Hanover, this state, returned home today.

Frank Leslie, formerly employed at Hotel Kearsarge and later at Mechanicville, N. Y., has accepted a position at Hampton Beach.

Mrs. John Conlon of this city, with a party of friends from Boston, sailed last week for Europe. She will visit Ireland, England and Italy.

Miss Elizabeth O. Shores and Miss Ann Satter of Brooklyn, N. Y., who have been here for a few weeks, have returned home. Later Miss Shores will pass several months at Intervale, this state.

Miss Elizabeth McCarthy, formerly employed at the Portsmouth Shoe Company's plant, now residing in Lynn, Mass., who has been passing a few days with relatives in this city, left for her home on Sunday.

Medical Director Manly H. Simons, U. S. N., Mrs. Simons and the Misses Simons left the Maine Island navy yard last week for their new home in Philadelphia, where Dr. Simons is to have charge of the Naval Hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Will F. Weeks of Orchard street returned on Saturday evening from a trip of ten days to the former home of Mr. Weeks in Newport, Me., where they visited Mr. Weeks's parents and passed several days in fishing. They report a fine time.

Mrs. Royal R. Richardson, who has been passing several months in this city with her mother, Mrs. Robert F. Bradford, and a few weeks ago left for San Francisco to meet her husband, Assistant Surgeon Richardson, is now in San Rafael to visit relatives for an extended time.

Miss Gertrude M. Magraw of Richards avenue was one of the contributors to the page in the Sunday Herald, which is devoted to "Interesting Experiences of Vacation Trips." Miss Magraw's contribution is devoted to "A Summer Passed Among the Mountains of New Hampshire."

OBSEQUIES

Funeral services over the body of Mrs. Sarah Pace were held at her late home in Newington at one

A CERTAIN STANDARD OF QUALITY BECOMES SYNONYMOUS WITH THE NAME OF A STORE.

THE D. F. BORTHWICK STORE

Offers an Exceptional Stock of Summer Dry Goods and Furnishings.

"Home Made" Under Muslins, Laces, Embroideries, Veilings, Leather Goods, Fine Note Papers, Shell Goods, Corsets, Gloves, But-terick Patterns, Linens, Flannels, White Goods, are a few of the departments to which your attention is invited.

o'clock on Sunday afternoon. Rev. C. LeV. Brine of this city officiated. Interment was in Newington cemetery. Undertaker O. W. Ham in charge.

OBITUARY

Horace A. Martin

Horace A. Martin, one of the last of the old time ship joiners of this city, died at his home last Saturday evening at the age of seventy-seven years, two months and eighteen days. He was a son of the late Thomas and Elizabeth (Mason) Martin, and was born in this city May 19, 1829. He was a member of Langdon Colony U. O. of P. E.

He leaves one sister, Miss Charlotte Martin, and two brothers, Thomas R. Martin of this city and Charles W. Martin of Haverhill, Mass.

Joseph W. Berry

Joseph W. Berry of Rye Center died on Sunday morning at the age of eighty-seven years and five months. He was an esteemed citizen. His wife survives him.

Mrs. Alice W. Jones

Mrs. Alice W. Jones of Boston, widow of Frank William Jones, died at Bodol, Norway, on July 5. She is survived by two daughters, Miss Charlotte and Miss Minna Jones. Her husband was the oldest son of the late William P. Jones of this city.

POLICE COURT

Francesco Criterio, who purchased the eating place of Charles Marotta on July 1, before Judge Simms this (Monday) morning charged with keeping a saloon on Sunday for the reception company.

Thro' his counsel, he waived the reading of the writ and asked for a continuance until Thursday morning at ten o'clock. The request was granted.

Peter Zacharias and Arthur Dedes had, it was alleged, been saying naughty things to each other and today (Monday) their troubles were represented by counsel and the whole thing was thrashed out. The court considered Peter guilty and gave him some advice, suggesting that he would be better off to have the customary good feeling for his fellowmen and also impressed upon Dedes the fact that the court did not care to hear from him again. The case of Zacharias was continued for sentence.

James Johnson, claiming New York as his home, but who is working in Kittery, was charged with drunkenness on Sunday. James had a chance to tell where he got the stuff and go free, but he said he was a stranger and all persons and places looked alike to him. He could not give any information and was compelled to hand out \$16.00, the customary penalty for this indulgence on the Sabbath.

THE BULLET A FAST ONE

The motor launch Bullet from Newburyport came into the harbor on Sunday and gave an exhibition of speed that made the skippers of local craft open their eyes. The Bullet made the run from Newburyport to Portsmouth in one hour and ten minutes.

The South Pond is still unreclaimed, but there has been an improvement in the appearance of its shores.

AT FAY'S BIG STORE

YOU CAN FIND A BIG LINE OF SUMMER GOODS.

Men's Summer Suits in Blue and Light Grey \$10 to \$15.
Men's Negligee Shirts, white and colored, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50
Men and Boys' Light Weight Sweaters, all colors and prices
Men and Boys' Straw Hats, all styles.
A Great Variety of Men's Underwear, Hosiery, etc.
The Latest Styles in Neckwear, 25c and 50c.
We have the largest Shoe Department in the City. Every thing in Footwear for Men, Women and Children.

W. H. FAY,
3 Congress St. Portsmouth, N. H.

LAWN MOWERS

Grass Seed, Wheelbarrows.

A. P. Wendell & Co.
2 Market Street.

Granite State Bottling Company

58 STATE ST.,

A New Soda Drink, Ron-Bre,

Non-Alcoholic, destroys that tired feeling; health giving, pleasant, cooling, refreshing and invigorating. Try it, you will like it. Also our FAMOUS GOLDEN ROD GINGER ALE is a corker. Order a case for your home. Flavored Sodas of all kinds. Our goods are on sale at all tonic stands.

GAS CYLINDERS FOR SALE.

PHILBROOK & MARVIN.

RYAN'S WINE STORE

18 Penhallow Street, Telephone 137-2

LOOK AT THE SPECIAL PRICE LIST

Whiskies

	Qt.
G. O. Blake	85c
Duffy's Malt	95c
Mountain Spring	75c
Rockingham	75c
Silver Brook	75c
Golden Crown	75c
Monogram	75c
Woodford County	\$1.00
Monongahela	1.00
Red and White	1.00
Hunter	1.25
Wilson	1.25

Brandies, Wines, Etc.

Imported French Brandy	\$1.25
Caldwell's Newburyport Rum	50c
Sherry Wine	25c
Port	25c
Booth's Old Tom Gin	\$1.00
Jones Ale, Eldredge's Lager	
Portsmouth Brewing Co. Lager	
and Stock Ales, Bottled and Drained	

BEST FOR THE MONEY,
Dowd's Honest 10 Cigar.

Kodak Days

Are with us again. You need a Kodak wherever you roam, either at HOME or ABROAD; on the YACHT, MOTOR BOAT or AUTOMOBILE; on the COACHING PARTY or the GOLF LINKS; in the MOUNTAINS or at the SEA SHORE. By day or night you can use your KODAK with advantage to yourself and delight to all your friends. The PORTSMOUTH Kodak Store is at 6 Pleasant Street.

H. P. Montgomery,

"The Best in the World."